The PULPIT

A Periodical of Contemporary Preaching

MAY 1943

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'Class of 1940'

Following the signing of the Versailles Treaty and its submission to Germany, a cartoon appeared in the *Daily Herald,* London—in its issue of May 17, 1919. It shows the "Big Four," with Clemenceau ("The Tiger") in the foreground, followed by President Woodrow Wilson, Baron Sonnino and Lloyd George. Behind a large pillar at the side stands a little boy, above his head the words "1940 Class." Under the cartoon "The Tiger" is made to say: "Strange; I seem to hear a child weeping."

And here is an item from an early 1941 issue of the *New York Times:* "Bogota, N. J., Jan. 15, 1941.—The first boy born in New York on Armistice Day, Arthur Victor Christman of 289 Elm Avenue, was inducted into the army in Newark today and sent to Fort Dix for a year's training. The youth was born at 3 a.m. Nov. 11, 1918, at 176 Nagle Avenue, then the home of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Arthur J. Christman. They had planned to name him Arthur J. Christman, Jr., but gave him Victor as a middle name because he was an Armistice Day baby."

Will Victor's son be "1960 Class"? And will his name be Victor?

Early 'Conscientious Objectors'

"The idea of non-resistance in its most extreme form," says John Haynes Holmes, "is written all over the pages of the patristic literature. In one of the most famous letters of the great teacher, Justin Martyr (about 150 A. D.), we find a citation of the passage from Isaiah, prophesying the day when 'nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more,' followed immediately by the impressive declaration of Justin that 'this prophecy is already being fulfilled since we who formerly used to murder one another not only now refrain from making war upon our enemies, but willingly die confessing Christ.' One of the chief charges which Celsus, the heathen philosopher, brought against Christians in his controversial epistles was: 'You will not bear arms in the service of the Empire when your services are needed; and if all people should act upon this principle, the Empire would be overrun by the barbarians.'"

Tertullian, who wrote about 200 A. D., said: "Shall the Christian apply the chain and prison, torture and death, who is not even the avenger of his own wrongs? Shall it be held lawful to make an occupation of the sword when the Lord proclaims that he who takes the sword shall perish by the sword? For what wars should we not be fit, we who so willingly yield ourselves to the sword, if in our religion it were not counted better to be slain than to slay?"—*Robert B. Whitaker, First Congregational Church, Ferndale, Calif.*

'One of Our Own'

Few war pictures have been more impressive than that which showed a group of American soldiers carrying the casket of a nazi u-boat sailor to the grave. The German was buried with full army and navy honors.

What shall we make of it? We engage the enemy in mortal combat and we exult in his defeat, but when he is down we bury him with honors. Why? Why not say: "He was the enemy of my country, and if I love my country, I must hate my enemy. What is there in him to honor?"

Just that something which is more than nationalism. "My Country, 'tis of Thee," we sing heartily and honestly, but when we look upon a dead enemy, we realize that we are face to face with something mightier than flags and drums and geographical limits; even mightier than glorious traditions. We see a human being, one who belonged to us more than he was against us. An enemy, but a brother man and a child of our heavenly Father. We bury him with military honors, but more than that, vastly more.—*Arthur B. Rhinow, Ridgewood Presbyterian Church, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

Churches as Trustworthy Guides

I recently received a letter from Lt. Jack Dempsey, a member of my church who is pilot of the Flying Fortress, "Phyllis," mentioned in a recent article in *Liberty* magazine. Here is a paragraph from the letter:

"A striking characteristic of an English landscape as seen from the air is the incredible number of churches which the country boasts. These churches have tall, stately spires and they afford excellent landmarks. When, as is often the case, we are returning from a mission over enemy territory and the weather is bad, we use these churches as guides to lead us home. We have become so familiar with them that when we let down through an overcast and see a church beneath us we can immediately determine whether or not we are on course. Believe me, it is a very comforting sight to see them appear out of the mists."

Here is an illustration for us today, for now, as has ever been true, the churches offer to those who are lost a guide to that landing field which is often hard to find.—*Eugene D. Bennett, Jr., Methodist Church, Pearland, Texas.*

Always a Crisis

There are those who find in today's collapse the world's greatest crisis — a crisis pointing to nothing less than the world's destruction. But there have always been crises, when national leaders have bowed their heads to the inevitable and waited for final doom. William Wilberforce said in 1901: "I dare not marry; the future is so unsettled." Said William Pitt five years later: "There is scarcely anything around us but ruin and despair." And in 1852 the Duke of Wellington, as he lay dying, uttered these ominous words: "I thank God I shall be spared from seeing the consummation of ruin that is gathering about us." And in our own country, just after the death of Daniel Webster, an admirer of his sadly wailed, "The autumn of the United States is now at hand." Always a crisis, and the threat of descending doom!

The Secret of Stability

He who knows the meaning of religion is no doubleminded man, unstable in all his ways, but is like the wise man whose house is built upon a rock. In one of the last sermons that Martin Niemöller preached before he was sent to concentration camp, he said: "We are ready to give unto the world, without a murmur, the things of the world; but if the world asks for the things that are God's, then we must manfully resist, lest we give the world the things that are God's; and for the sake of a comfortable life in a strange land lose our home." This is the stability of Martin Luther brought up to date. It can and must be made contemporary in the world today.—*W. B. Cremeans, Westminster Presbyterian Church, Springfield, Ill.*

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The Pulpit

CHARLES CLAYTON MORRISON, *Editor*

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'It is Time to Seek Jehovah!'

BY ELLIS A. FULLER

It is time to seek Jehovah. Hosea 10:12.

WE ARE at war, the most vicious war ever waged and waged on more fronts than ever before, with all the values of life at stake. Let him be ashamed who fails to cooperate with our nation-wide effort to enlist all things and all men into a single unit of power to defend the great freedoms of life, and God have mercy upon him who fails in spiritual blindness to cooperate in an effort just as extensive and comprehensive to enlist all things and all men to promote in "faith, hope and love" the spiritual values for which God gave these freedoms.

With this conviction I "testify in the Lord" this morning that we forfeit our right to victory and lose all just claims upon God's favor and power unless we seek him in such way that he will come and rain righteousness upon us, seek him in sincerity and love, seek him not primarily that he may come to our help in this dark hour but that we may become "fellow workers who belong to God" from now unto "the end of this current age."

I

It is one thing to leave God snugly tucked away in the distant past—the first cause of all things, the creator of "heaven and earth, the sea and all that in them is"; but it is another thing to accept God as an actual Person who is literally closer than breathing, who exercises personal supervision over our lives, knowing even our secret thoughts.

"He that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that seek after him." Therefore it is psychologically impossible for God to control any man's life if that man does not accept as real the fact that God so inhabits his universe that there is no place where he can go and be beyond his presence. The psalmist had the conviction which should prevail in all human hearts. Listen to him: "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? Or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: If I make my bed in Sheol, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there shall thy hand lead me, And thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, Surely the darkness shall overwhelm me, And the light about me shall be night; Even the darkness hideth not from thee, But the night shineth as the day: The darkness and the light are both alike to thee." (Psalm 139: 7-12). This remarkable testimony from the God-conscious psalmist reminds us of the sonnet written by John Gillespie Magee, Jr. This young pilot, while his plane was thirty thousand feet in air, began this poem on the back of an envelope and finished it soon after his plane was grounded. Will you hear it?

Oh, I have slipped the surly bonds of earth,
And danced the skies on laughter-silvered wings;
Sunward I've climbed and joined the tumbling mirth
Of sun-split clouds—and done a hundred things
You have not dreamed of—wheeled and soared and swung
High in the sunlit silence. Hov'ring there.
I've chased the shouting wind along and flung
My eager craft through footless halls of air.
Up, up the long delirious, burning blue
I've topped the wind-swept heights with easy grace,
Where never lark, or even eagle, flew;
And, while with silent, lifting mind I've trod
The high untrespassed sanctity of space,
Put out my hand, and touched the face of God.

The remarkable thing about this sonnet is not that a soldier by flying to dizzy heights can get so near to God that he can reach out and touch his face but that there are no heights to which man can go, no depths to which he can descend, no broad expanses that he can travel to find a single place in the universe of God where we cannot reach out and touch his face. God is omnipresent!

Likewise we need to accept the omniscience of God. There is nothing hid from his all-seeing eye. Even the hairs of our head are numbered before him. Not a sparrow falls to the ground without his knowledge. Even the secrets of men's hearts are registered in plain view before him. If our people become aware that these age-old truths are absolutely true and that their own lives hold no secrets from God, they will see right living as a road to happiness and wrong living as a road to ruin.

Have we lost all sense of the holiness of God, his holiness of character, which means that he is in his essential nature free from all sin and that sins of all kinds are repulsive to him? His holiness of character makes it an eternal necessity for him to protest against man's sins even by violent methods, even to let war come as judgment for man's sins when the moral order collapses. We have so divorced life from God that in many quarters there is no connection in the thinking of people between what men do and what God does to them. We need to know that the God of the Old Testament is still alive, that he is immutable, that his

attitude toward sin today is exactly what it was in the day of Hosea. Let me read these verses to indicate how definitely related was God to the people and how the people's behavior determined God's dealing with them:

"And Ephraim is like a silly dove, without understanding: they call unto Egypt, they go to Assyria." Putting their hope in the strength of their allies, you see! "Woe unto them!" continues the prophet, "For they have wandered from me; destruction unto them! For they have trespassed against me . . . they have spoken lies against me . . . they assemble themselves for grain and new wine; they rebel against me . . . they are like a deceitful bow; their princes shall fall by the sword for the rage of their tongue: this shall be their derision." (Hosea 7:11-16).

God's holiness and justice demand that he restrain men from plunging into absolute and utter destruction. His judgments are his love and mercy in action.

II

My friends, this is a lost world! The human race is depraved!

The Archbishop of Canterbury said some time ago that this terrible war is "the latest most violent manifestation of an all-pervasive element in the nature of unregenerate mankind." When once we accept the truth of that statement, we will know how to deal with war and other social evils and crimes at their source. We are such cowards that we build for ourselves an ostrich philosophy of life, a philosophy that shuts its eyes to the dark facts of human experience and opens them only to the brightness of the noonday. But denying facts does not do away with them. Unregenerate men are precisely as the Apostle Paul described them when he said that they walk "in the vanity of their mind, being darkened in their understanding, alienated from the life of God . . . who being past feeling gave themselves up to lasciviousness, to work all uncleanness with greediness."

We must admit the fact of sin in human experience and confess our own sins in genuine repentance.

If God ever weeps over man's blindness and deception, his tears must flow in gushing torrents when he hears would-be uplifters of fallen men speak of sin as "religious imagination" or as "delusion of mortal mind" or as "maladjustments in the social order." His tears must flow in flood when he sees men who pose as builders of a new world order declaring that sin is merely a "defect," "a gap," "a blank," "a minus quantity" or "a cultural lag."

When we look about us in our own blessed nation, we see that the "all-pervasive element in the nature of unregenerate mankind" has expressed itself in various and sundry sins. The sins of our enemies are blacker and more heinous than ours, but let us not be blind to our own. There are two facts that disturb me day and night, namely, the sins which I know we have committed and the terrible fate that awaits many of our soldier boys and the sorrows which will come to the hearts of all of us unless we repent.

When I think of the countless thousands of our young men who will be blasted out of the air at dizzy altitudes, who will fall mortally wounded in tropical jungles and on scorching desert sands, who will forsake their torpedoed boats like rats only to drown in merciless waters, there stand accusingly before me our nefarious legalized liquor traffic paying taxes to a nation whose homes it is destroying and whose citizens it is corrupting, our annual crime bill of $16,000,000,000, our desecration of the Lord's Day, our empty churches and crowded theaters on Sunday nights, our godless homes equipped with bars but not with family altars, our selfish pressure groups seeking to outwit one another for material advantage, our racial prejudice, our penury toward God and our prodigality toward our lustful pursuits. Let us face our own guilt and admit it and seek Jehovah that he may rain righteousness upon us.

III

When once we accept the reality of God, accept sin as life's darkest fact, see God's immutable attitude toward sin, we will understand that what is happening in the world today is what full-grown sin has wrought. There is only one thing that we can do. We can repent of our sins! I am not thinking of our nation as a unit, but I am thinking of the individuals who constitute the nation, for it is the total sins of the individual that constitute our national sin. Therefore as individuals we must repent.

But what does it mean to repent? Briefly, repentance means "a change of mind," but as defined more in detail repentance is "the change of mind of those who have begun to abhor their errors and misdeeds and have determined to enter upon a better course in life, so that it embraces both a recognition of sin and sorrow for it and hearty amendment, the tokens and effects of which are good deeds." It simply means that every American citizen who is interested in re-establishing our great nation in favor with God, thereby making it unnecessary for the heavy disciplines of justice to fall upon us and making it possible to avail ourselves of the immeasurable blessings that come to all people who live acceptably before God, must repent of his own sins. He must quit what he has been doing. He must commit himself to a new way of life. Among the last words spoken by our blessed Lord were these: "Repentance and remission of sins should be preached in his name unto all the nations beginning from Jerusalem."

Every word in that statement is significant: the lost nations must repent; they must repent at the preaching of the gospel which was created by our Lord's atoning death and triumphant resurrection; they must repent in the name of Christ—of course, in the name of Christ, for there is no "other name, that is given among men, wherein we must be saved."

Consistently throughout the Old Testament and the New we find that God is ever ready and willing to take even those who have rebelled against him to his throbbing bosom of love and forgive their sins the very moment they repent. When Israel repented, God was quick to reply:

"I will heal their backsliding, I will love them freely; for mine anger is turned away from him. I will

be as the dew unto Israel; he shall blossom as the lily, and cast forth his roots as Lebanon. His branches shall spread, and his beauty shall be as the olive-tree, and his smell as Lebanon. They that dwell under his shadow shall return; they shall revive as the grain, and blossom as the vine: the scent thereof shall be as the wine of Lebanon." (Hosea 14:4-7).

Even so, may this fair nation of ours, our blessed America, repent of its sins and thereby save all of the freedoms which go to make life worth while.

"It is time to seek Jehovah, till he come and rain righteousness upon you."

The Call to Courage

By John Wright Buckham

Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest. Joshua 1:9.

ACROSS the gloom and suffering of the present hour in our war-darkened world there shines a golden ray of hope for a better world. There is also, nearer at hand, another cause for cheer. It is this: There is probably more courage in the world today than there has ever been before. That may seem a small thing in comparison to the cost. Nevertheless it is one of the ways in which good is made to come out of evil. For courage is one of the main foundations of character. And character is the best thing there is.

The four cardinal virtues of ancient ethics were: Courage, justice, temperance and wisdom. Christian ethics keeps all these and raises each to a higher level and adds to them its own distinctive virtues, which are: Humility, kindness, magnanimity and love.

The place of courage in Greek and Roman ethics was high, but it was on a still higher moral level in Hebrew ethics. The great men of Israel were men of heroic mold. Among them, Joshua was a leader of conspicuous courage, true to the word of God which came to him at the outset of his career, saying: "Be strong and of good courage; be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed: for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest." That is a word not only of command but of reassurance, for it gives good reason for courage: "For the Lord thy God is with thee." Let it be our text. A better one could not readily be found.

Christianity gave to courage new meaning, dimensional range, a height, a depth and breadth it never had before. This is chiefly because Jesus himself was the peerless, incomparable man of courage, who, though he never bore a sword or fought a battle, was supremely courageous. With matchless bravery he undertook and carried through, alone, the greatest task any man ever achieved. In solitary struggle he conquered himself and the temptations that beset him and then went forth to his lonely mission in which he faced the desertion of his followers, the threatening mob, mocking soldiers, a Roman judge and the highest ecclesiastical court of his nation. With patient endurance he bore his cross up Calvary, and hanging upon it, taunted and tormented, prayed for the forgiveness of his enemies. Apparently defeated, done for, dead, he rose from the grave victorious over this last greatest foe. If that is not a record of courage, what is?

His followers absorbed his spirit, took up his cause, and drew back at no peril, sacrificing even life itself in loyalty to him. The story of their heroic endurance of persecution and martyrdom is one of the major epics of human history.

KINDS OF COURAGE

It is impossible to realize the true meaning and worth of courage until one takes into view its many forms. Among them are: the courage of devotion to duty; the courage of silence; the courage of endurance, and what may be termed everyday heroisms such as call to us all throughout our lives. Let us look briefly at these several kinds of courage.

First of all, there is the *courage of devotion to duty.* This courage Jesus showed throughout his entire life, never more than when, at the close of that last Supper which he had longed to have with his beloved disciples, without lingering or hesitation, he said, with the resolution of complete commitment to duty, "Arise, let us go hence!" He knew well to what he was going when he spoke those words. He knew what Judas had done. He knew that both the power of Rome and the hatred of the leaders of his own people were waiting to lay hold of him. Yet he did not flinch. With the same fortitude that he showed when "he stedfastly set his face to go to Jerusalem" he now went out into the night to face his foes, conscious that it meant danger, ignominy, suffering and probably death.

This courage of devotion to duty our young men, the nation over, are showing today when at the call of their country they are leaving home and friends and all the pursuits and associations to which they are attached to go out to meet hardship, danger, perhaps death, in obedience to duty. We know something of what they are giving up, what they wanted to do and to be; and yet they have left it all without a word of resentment or complaint. We honor them for this. It is true courage. We may approve the courage shown in war without approving war.

THE COURAGE OF SILENCE

This leads me to speak, in the second place, of the *courage of silence.* In that stirring autobiography, recently published, which ought to give the Negro a new standing in America, *Angel Mo and Her Son Roland Hayes,* Mr. Hayes, the well known singer, relates a dramatic sermon of an old Negro preacher he heard as a boy in which he drew a graphic picture of Jesus standing before Pilate in these words:

He never spoke one mumberlin' word,
Not a word, not a word, not a word.

The courage of silence under provocation—complete self-control—that is truly great. It is victorious. Roland Hayes himself gained that kind of victory when, as he himself relates, he once faced a hostile audience in Berlin scornful of a Negro daring to sing in their center of musical culture. As he came out on the platform he was greeted with a loud chorus of hisses which continued for five or ten minutes as he took his place by the piano, closed his eyes and lifted his head waiting to begin in perfect silence, never speaking "one mumberlin' word, not a word, not a word, not a word," while the hissing went on and on, until at length, shamed by his composed Christian bearing, it gradually ceased and he began in a hushed pianissimo to sing Schubert's *"Du bist die Ruh."* Almost at once the jeering company was completely calmed and deeply impressed. He had won a victory such as only Christian courage can win.

Sometimes courage calls for silence, sometimes for speech, sometimes to utter not a word, sometimes to speak out, sometimes to say Yes, sometimes to say No. There is the courage of the conscientious objector as well as that of the volunteer.

Then there is, over against the courage of action, the *courage of endurance,* the bearing of pain, weakness, loss, temporary defeat. As great, sometimes greater, than the courage of battle is the courage of the wounded, the suffering; the courage of the hospital and —greatest of all—the courage of those permanently maimed by war, rendered crippled, helpless, useless, often sightless. Let us not forget these, our brothers, but give them the help, the care, the honor that is their due. For it is for us and the cause of a better world they suffer what is worse than death. Vicarious atonement is no theological fiction. All such endurance of suffering is sacrificial and atoning. It is for others. It helps, like the suffering of the Master, to bear and bear away the sin of a world gone wrong.

EVERYDAY HEROISMS

There, too, is the kind of courage shown in little, but genuine *acts of everyday heroism.* Let no one despise these.

In that exciting book of adventure, Charles Reade's *The Cloister and the Hearth*—whose motto is "Courage, my comrades, the Devil is dead!"—the first sentence is something like this: "No day passes from morning to night but witnesses countless unrecorded acts of heroism performed by people of no reputation." That is true. Everyday, homespun heroisms, everywhere! Let us thank God for these and try to emulate them! Nor need one look for occasions to practice this kind of courage nor go out of his way to find them. They are there, awaiting Everyman, every day. They call for courage, and when they are met with it they are transformed, vitalized, illumined. There is a courage of the doorway and hall, a courage of the bedroom and a courage of the kitchen (what a courage is that!) and of the dining room—especially in these days of rationing—and of the living room and of the garage and the garden. There is courage needed for the schoolroom, the factory, the office, the study and the street.

Childhood needs courage (how much we grown-ups fail to remember that!) Youth needs it—and has it. Manhood needs it, and womanhood. One wonders sometimes whether the courage of the mother and wife left behind is not as great as that of the son or husband on the way to the front. Courage to take care of the children alone without the father's help, and to meet the other duties that are so much harder alone—that is "as real as life."

Age needs courage, too. The aged know that well. One of the most heroic characters in Dorothy Canfield Fisher's *Raw Material* is old Aunt Almera, who when no one cleaned out the social room in the Town Hall did it "herself all alone" and suffered for it for days with her racking rheumatism. So bad was her "rheumatiz"—they call it arthritis now—that she could not get untwisted for her housework mornings until her two grown sons came, at her request, and one on either side walked her back and forth across the kitchen floor screaming with pain so that they stopped from sheer compassion, until she shouted, "Who told you to stop? Go on!" until finally she got unlimbered for the day's work. Such is the courage of the aged. Little do the young and strong know how much courage it takes on the part of the aged and infirm to face life bravely and hopefully and to keep young and alert in spirit however old they may be physically.

THE COURAGE OF HUMOR

There is another kind of courage that is seldom thought of and yet is very fine, and I will add very Christian—the *courage of humor*—the courage to smile, to laugh, to "grin and bear it" as the expression goes. There is a religious element in humor. It requires a kind of faith—faith in others (how can you tell a good story unless you believe in the intelligence of the listener?), faith in life, faith in God. Humor is a gift, one of the best gifts of God to men, and like all best gifts badly abused. It is remarkable how early humor is born in the child mind. Children begin to see the funny side of things very early. That fact lays a great responsibility on education both in the home and in the school—an obligation that is being seriously ignored. It is time for education, and for the church, to wake up to what is going on in many of the "movies" and "funnies" and the "comics" to poison and pervert this pure, joyous sense of humor in children—a gift that if rightly trained and used is a priceless source of courage and joy throughout life. Here is something to be neglected at our peril.

Consider the courage of the sickroom—of the invalid, battling for weeks, months, sometimes years, against disease or infirmity. I am thinking of a home—doubtless there are others—in which, after years of pain and patience, at last recovery is being won. That is true victory, by the help of God and nothing less, for nothing less could achieve it.

I might go on indefinitely with the many kinds of courage needed for everyday living everywhere and always. But it is the special need of courage for these wartime days and the special supply of it that I am speaking of. What a call it is!

WARTIME COURAGE

Take bombing courage, for instance. I am thinking not so much of the courage of the bomber as of the courage of the bombed. And what courage the bombed have shown in brave old London and many other places in England, in patient China, and for aught we know in the enemy countries also! God grant, it may not be called for very much longer.

There is the courage of the "front"—battlefield and camp and training field—the courage of the lonely sentinel and the sublime courage of the sea. What a courage is that amidst danger from bomb, submarine and mine! Well may we pray for "those in peril on the sea."

But war calls for courage at home, let me say again, as well as at the front—courage not of the limelight or the starlight but of the dim-out and the flashlight; courage on dark mornings when the fuel is low, courage for work and for waiting, courage to give up things we want and have always before had. These deprivations are slight indeed compared with those at the front, but they are real and they call for genuine courage.

Consider the difficulties through which many business men are passing today: all the means and methods of business disrupted, markets altered, the demand for many kinds of goods almost completely gone, everything calling for change, readjustment, loss. If we think it takes no courage to face these conditions and not give way to them we have no imagination, no understanding, no sympathy.

Look, too, at education and the plight of educators. Suddenly, almost in an hour, education has been shaken as by an earthquake, from grade school to university. What can be done to adjust education to war conditions and yet save as much of it as possible? What intelligence is needed here, what faith, what courage!

Courage for the hour, for the day, for the duration, for the reconstruction—that is the need confronting everyone.

THE REWARDS OF COURAGE

In conclusion, let us turn for a moment to the rewards of courage. For it has its rewards just as every true and worthy act has. It is significant that Jesus says so much about compensations, consequences, rewards. Each of the beatitudes has its reward. So with moral courage.

The first reward of courage is character. As was said at the outset, courage builds character. And character is the greatest of all possessions. But more than that. Courage is service and has the reward of service. It is unselfish. No one is courageous for himself alone. He acts for the common good, for humanity, for God. And that wins the best of all kinds of recognition, love. No deed of true heroism or service of any kind, great or small, is lost. It counts in bringing in the reign of righteousness and peace and joy. It may not seem to do so, but only to sink into oblivion and be forgotten. But that is not the case. Sometime, some way, somewhere every courageous, unselfish deed helps to complete the summation and victory of Good.

Yet there is a still greater reward of courage. It is that promised to Joshua—the Presence of God. "For the Lord thy God is with thee." What that means no one knows unless he has felt it. And every courageous, trustful person may have it in the hour of need.

> Fear not, I am with thee. Oh, be not dismayed,
> For I am thy God and will still give thee aid.
> I'll strengthen thee, help thee, and cause thee to stand
> Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand,
> Upheld by my righteous omnipotent hand.

O God our Father, Strength of all who put their trust in Thee, forgive us our faintheartedness and fear. Thou knowest our frame and rememberest that we are dust. Yet Thou hast made us a little lower than the angels and hast crowned us with the glory and honor of true courage. Grant us, we pray Thee, grace to meet danger and temptation and difficulty as Thy sons. Be near us in the hour of need. Keep those in peril on land and sea and in the air from all evil and grant to them and to us and to all Thy children the presence of Thy Spirit to strengthen and sustain us in every trial and task. In the name of Thy Son our Lord. Amen.

Rebuilding a Shattered World

STATESMANSHIP unsupported by the people cannot build a new world. All that statesmanship can do is to point the way. The actual achievement of a new world depends, in the last analysis, upon the deep convictions and hearts' desires and efforts of the great rank and file of common people throughout the country—on the farms and in the factories and in the market places. National destiny in the long last is determined by the desires and understanding of the common people. And if the new world is to be built upon Christian fundamentals, how else can the foundations be laid save through our work—through each one of us imparting by our lives and by our words to the individuals whom we touch a truer and deeper understanding of Christ and his truth? FRANCIS B. SAYRE.

DEATH is not the end; it is only a new beginning. Death is not the master of the house; he is only the porter at the King's lodge, appointed to open the gate and let the King's guests into the realm of eternal day. And so shall we ever be with the Lord.

The range of our threescore years and ten is not the limit of our life. Our life is not a land-locked lake enclosed within the shore lines of seventy years. It is an arm of the sea. And so we must build for those larger waters. We are immortal! How, then, shall we live today in prospect of eternal tomorrow?

J. H. JOWETT.

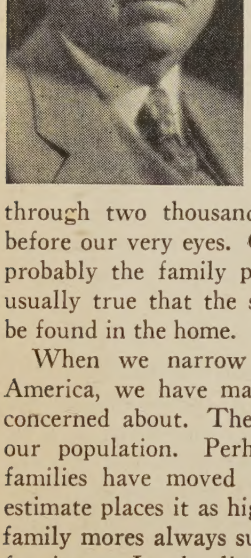
ARISE, freeman, stand forth in thy world. It is God's world. It is also thine. JOSIAH ROYCE.

The Family in Wartime

By Orvis F. Jordan

God setteth the solitary in families. Psalm 68:6.

ONE may doubt whether in all human history there has been such a threat to the Christian conception of the family as at the present time. The disruptive force of alien philosophies of life has disintegrated millions of families. The family is seen by evil-minded dictators as simply the producer of more cannon-fodder. To secure this cannon-fodder human beings may be reduced to an animal status provided only the cannon-fodder is forthcoming. Humble homes all over the world have been torn down and their inhabitants have been scattered. Women are factory slaves and little children are so weakened with rickets that they will never be normal adults. What has been built up painfully through two thousand years is now being destroyed before our very eyes. Of all the problems of this hour, probably the family problem is the most acute. It is usually true that the solution of social problems must be found in the home.



When we narrow our view of the problem to America, we have many phases of the problem to be concerned about. The first is the extreme mobility of our population. Perhaps no one knows how many families have moved in the past two years, but one estimate places it as high as 25 per cent. In a move the family mores always suffer quite as much as the family furniture. In the list of American denominations is a small one known as Duck River Baptists. So long as the Duck River Baptists remain near Duck river, their life runs along from generation to generation with little change. But in a great upheaval like this war not only will Duck River Baptist loyalty suffer, but also many other kinds of loyalty. The family that moves is tempted by an evil proverb which says, "When in Rome, do as Rome does."

WAR'S THREAT TO MORALS

Many marriages have been contracted hastily since Pearl Harbor. Some say that the young people should have waited until after the war is over. But youth usually does not wait. The youth of our day face grave perils in their newly established family life. When a war wedding is the hasty culmination of a romance already nearly mature, one need not worry too much about it. When a short acquaintance has eventuated in marriage without any real kinship of spirit, we have a union that will probably not last through the stress of war and reconstruction.

Already the tragedies overseas are giving us our crop of war orphans. This time the government makes some effort to carry the responsibility for these young lives. But present pension allotments will never do it adequately. Young mothers must go to work long before they should and little children must get along with inadequate care. In some cases these children will be given up to home-finding associations, and thus the war wedding will come to utter futility.

The home is threatened also by the looseness of life that goes with a great war. The men in the army at first showed 50 venereal infections to 1,000 men. This has been cut down to 25. The fountain of family life is being poisoned at its source. The vast majority of the men in the service will come home clean, but not all. The war that we have been waging for clean bodies is for a while a losing one, with disastrous effects for the family of the future.

The men who fall upon the field of battle will never be husbands. Since men and women are about equal in numbers, every soldier who dies in the service is matched by a woman who must remain single. Every study that has been made of postwar periods shows that war casualties result in weakened morals and declining standards of family loyalty.

A NEW CHALLENGE TO MOTHERS

The church has built the Christian family, so far as it exists. It is chiefly the church that will defend the Christian standards of family life. Hence on Mother's Day we may well concern ourselves with the things that are necessary to the making of a good home. It is our purpose to say to mother today that she is a professional woman when she is at her best. She has developed and coordinated more skills than most women possess. She does most of the family buying and she becomes responsible for a balanced budget. She must know something about disease and nursing. From her the child learns speech and much else; so the mother is the community's greatest teacher. Her bedtime story quickens imagination and her wise counsels form the basis of a child's moral concepts. The child's first prayer and the first Bible stories come from her lips. It takes a lot of skills as well as a lot of love and loyalty to do all that a mother does. And she would be the first to insist that fatherhood must supplement motherhood in the perfect home. That fact reminds us again that in wartime father has a poor opportunity to do the work which every mother insists that he alone can do.

As guardian of the family, mother is having a hard time today. By necessity food is now rationed in America. The system does not work well at first, and there are food lines and even food riots. Mother must become something of a scientist to find ways to build young bodies with a reduced larder. She dare not fail, else the America of a quarter-century hence will be weak.

In many communities medical care will be hard to get. Many physicians are in the army and the call for a doctor no longer brings an immediate response. In the home there must be some knowledge of first aid and some ability to meet temporary emergencies.

The great defense of health is normal living, and mother must set her face against every practice that lowers vitality and invites disease. Right habits of living

might easily reduce the amount of sickness in America by half. Mother could come nearer to securing this result than can the physicians.

PERILS FROM WARTIME TENSIONS

These are times when we must guard our mental health even more than our physical health. Ministers of city churches know of the tensions and fears that result in an increased number of funerals. Coronary thrombosis has become one of the most frequent causes of death for men. A primary cause of the disease is mental tension. Men drive themselves beyond their power to endure. As conditions of business and employment change, they live in fear for the safety of their dependents. Then one day the breadwinner drops at his post.

Moreover, the women in our homes worry over the fate of sons in the service. When letters stop, they imagine the worst. One may see a sudden increase in gray hair and in anxious lines on the face. When the bad news comes from the front, it is not like an ordinary bereavement. Parents have a feeling of the utter folly of a system of settling international disputes that involves such a price.

Life in wartime means increased work for nearly everybody. Many men work longer hours in business, and then serve as block wardens at night. Many women speed up the housework to take on Red Cross activities. Women of the middle classes must now do all their own work, for household help is at work in the factories. In the stress of all this activity people grow overtired and with over-fatigue come irritation and estrangements. Hence in wartime many homes have lost the sweetness and poise which once characterized them. How necessary is the wise leader of the home group who can find additional recreation and additional exercises of the spirit to relieve tired bodies and nerves!

FAITH AND CULTURE AS ANCHORS

Some families seek release in some kind of escapism. There is more drinking than in many a year. Those who drink to excess want to escape the unpleasant realities of life. There are other forms of temporary escape. They all disappoint. The true medicine for uneasy minds in wartime comes through the practice of faith. The family that has a good morning in religion learns to face the evils of the time. These rest their heads upon the pillow of an ancient promise, "Thou wilt keep him in perfect peace, whose mind is stayed on thee; because he trusteth in thee." They find in the Word of God and the practice of the presence of God the strength and the peace which they need.

> Thou shalt not want for company,
> Nor pitch thy tent alone;
> The Indwelling God will go with thee,
> And show thee of his own.

The decline of public library circulation in these days is an evil portent. There are so many wonderful new books which might make us citizens of the world. The men who sow the seed of future wars have spewed out books, but the new prophet of peace has not been silent. There are books to stir our hearts with new sympathy. We may travel upon a magic carpet to the ends of the earth. One may fear that this decline in library circulation is indicative of a decline of intelligence in family groups.

Mother is for every family the Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. Father may dominate the dinner table with his reports of the events of the day. But in the morning, when a new day dawns, it is mother's task to start our thoughts to the consideration of the vital problems of life. If the family table has no leader, it dawdles in futility. It can be made America's greatest educational institution.

NEW HORIZONS FROM THE WAR

About this family table there should be exchanges of information about the world's people. The newspaper has compelled us to learn some new history and geography. But it never carries us far enough. An acquaintance with all the world's strange peoples must be one of the preliminary steps for a world peace. How bitter have been our misunderstandings! Our first reaction after Pearl Harbor was to curse Japanese as "yellow-bellies" who could never stand up to the white man. But they not only did stand up; they drove all before them until they had in a few weeks conquered a vast empire. Gradually we have learned that even our enemies can be heroic.

We know more about our new friends, as well as about our new enemies. There is the vast mysterious Russia. Travelers have brought back such contradictory stories about her. Perhaps the stories could all be true. Like the blind men who saw the elephant, we see in part only. We concede grudgingly that Russia has not wrecked her economy. We still like ours better, but we must concede that the other has worked.

Who of us ever heard of Guadalcanal until day before yesterday? We are compelled to learn about life in Australia, for so many of our men are there. So the family table today has new topics of conversation. When every member brings his newly acquired knowledge, we become at this table the University of the Larger Humanity. We shall either build the new hatreds that will start the next war or we shall catch the vision of Humanity the Family of God. The third world war may be started at the tables of America—or the Great Peace.

CONSTRUCTIVE POLITICS

For the average American, politics has not been a science but rather a vice. A politician is seen as a greedy man without moral principle. But the world must be saved by politics—politics that is motivated by the idealism of the gospel of Christ. If the human race is to live upon this little planet in peace and righteousness, it must understand the elements of a good political system. This is not for all peoples the American system. But certain elemental things that are defended by the American system must be defended by any other system if we are to call it good. As we look into the faces of little boys around the family table, we pray God they may not be the cannon-fodder of a bad

political system. If they are not to be, then we must have broader knowledge, broader sympathies and a clear vision of the better order which shall bring justice and righteousness to the earth.

The family has been the chief defender of the cultural values. Wars are always accompanied by vast inundations of obscenities. The holy origins of life are a constant joke, and the beautiful names of religion express anger or cynicism or contempt. Many service men resist this evil thing. They are determined to come back to the family circle with unsullied minds. They will not altogether succeed.

The home has the best chance to defend and enrich humanity's cultural heritage. How happy service men will be when they return to find that we have not surrendered the citadel of holiness! While they fought for great intangibles, so have we.

RELIGION PRODUCES NEW HEROES

The defense of the home by religion and the defense of religion in the home indicate the mutual interests of family and of the house of God. In these war days the apostles of hate find in the leaders of religion their chief enemies. In Germany 400 clergymen in concentration camps tell the story of religion's fidelity in the presence of monstrous evil. In Holland the clergy have found cryptic language to describe the enemies of the faith just as did the unknown man who wrote the book of Revelation. Mighty Babylon, mother of harlots, is held up to scorn. In Norway a nation's clergy resigned *en masse,* and forced one of the few retreats that the head of the nazi order ever had to make.

Religion in Europe refuses to become the voice of racism or the handmaid of conquest and rapine. Men risk life and limb in the pulpits of the church to denounce murder and rape and blasphemy. In this process the church has had a purification and a rebirth. Once we felt that the European church was decadent and near to death. No one thinks that any more. Some think the American church is decadent. But the dreadful purge of war may bring to us new life. In the end we may have a smaller church in numbers, but a greater church in spirit.

The family is deeply concerned with the outcome of these struggles. Shall the children of the future be born out of wedlock as cattle are born, or shall they come into the world as Samuel came, the answer to prayer, and be dedicated as he was to the service of God? Shall men and women have a chance to bring early romance to a right fruitage in a ripened friendship that shall be lifelong? Shall children mature in family groups or be the pawns of state in a state nursery? These are questions that must be concerns of all those who wish their homes to come to the finest in human experience.

THE UNSEEN PRESENCE

In wartime, we become as busy as Martha was about many chores. Let us never forget that life has some essentials which we can never sacrifice even to win a war. There must be time for understanding between husband and wife. There must be time for the indoctrination of children and the guidance of youth.

There will be time if in every home there is the Presence. This Unseen Guest must be there or all the gracious things of family life will depart. It is he who gives courage in place of fear, understanding in place of prejudice, the sense of beauty in place of ugliness, poise in place of madness, and reverence in place of cynicism and despair. He is the source of our Light and the source of our Power.

Dealers in Purple

By Victor B. Chicoine

Among our hearers was one named Lydia, a dealer in purple. Acts 16:14. (Weymouth)

IF you turn to a map of the ancient world and find Macedonia, the little country made famous by Philip of Macedon and his conquering son Alexander the Great, you will find in the southeast corner of the country a city called Philippi. It was here, some nineteen hundred years ago, that Paul first preached the gospel in Europe, and where one day he had among his listeners a woman by the name of Lydia.

The New Testament says that she was a dealer in purple. Probably Lydia had a shop on one of the main streets of Philippi where she kept her supplies, displayed her wares, and had written over the entrance in large letters: Dealer in Purple.

Purple has always been associated with majesty and regarded as a symbol of that which is regal. In ancient Rome purple was the color used on the toga of the emperor, and the conquerer wore it on his day of triumph. Homer intimates that garments of this color were worn only by princes. The Tyrian purple was the most highly esteemed, and the Phoenicians excelled all others in the manufacture of the kingly color. The basis of their method, now a lost art, was to extract patiently a single drop of fluid from the throat of a small shellfish.

A WOMAN OF WIDE INTERESTS

For some reason Lydia had gone into the same business as those people of far away Tyre who, centuries before, had endeavored to color a world with a royal hue which they had found at their own doorstep. To do this the Phoenicians had cruised far and wide, often in dangerous waters, creating a demand for this purple until it is recorded that there were those who would pay two hundred dollars a pound for garments dyed with this royal color.

Lydia's business would naturally take her among the privileged and wealthy of the city—the ones who could afford to pay high prices for the luxury of wear-

ing purple. Yet Lydia had other interests. It is written that she took time away from her shopkeeping to "go out of the city by a river, where prayer was wont to be made." Out of a busy career in a great city this dealer in purple found time to pray. And one day at that place "where prayer was wont to be made" two dealers in purple met—Paul, a dealer in the purple of the soul, and Lydia a dealer in the purple of fabrics. But before the day is over, Lydia, like Paul, has become a dealer of the spiritual purple.

In that early pagan world it was no ordinary or simple matter to be a dealer in purple in the grand way. The times were hard and cruel. Lepers went about uncared for; the mentally ill roamed at large, the butt of coarse jests and the prey of all who cared to make sport of them or use of them.

T. R. Glover tells of a letter that has been preserved for us. "It was written by an Egyptian Greek to his wife. She lived somewhere upcountry and he had gone to Alexandria. She had been expecting the birth of a baby when he left, and he wrote a rough but not unkind letter to her. He writes:

" 'Hilarion to Alis . . . greetings. Know that we are still even now in Alexandria. I pray and beseech you, take care of the little child, and as soon as we have our wages, I will send you something . . . if it is a male let it live; if it is a female, cast it out. . . . Do not worry. How can I forget you?' "

And Dr. Glover adds: "The letter is not an unkind one; it is sympathetic, masculine, direct and friendly. Yet it ends with the suggestion, inconceivable to us today, that if the baby is a girl it need not be kept. It can be put out on the land or in the river; left to kite or crocodile."

IN A DESPERATE AGE

That is only a small area of the picture of the world belonging to those early dealers in purple. In today's world, with paganism and oppression again rampant, it still remains a difficult and trying business to be a dealer in things regal.

However, let no one say that the single drop of royal purple in his soul, possessed by each man and woman, will not mean anything in such a black and desperate world as ours. God will see to it that no royal deed will be lost. Even the ages will never completely engulf it. Browning has it this way in "Abt Vogler":

> All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good, shall exist:
> Not its semblance, but itself; no beauty, nor good, nor power
> Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the melodist
> When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.
> The high that proved too high, the heroic for the earth too hard,
> The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the sky,
> Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard;
> Enough that he heard it once; we shall hear it by-and-by.

One thinks of those medieval craftsmen of Europe "who would devote years of their lives to some small part of the roof of one of their beloved cathedrals, to some small detail which no one would probably ever see." These ancient drops of purple have left their hue. They have added beauty and dignity to the external surroundings of mankind, and have set before succeeding generations an unmistakable royal spirit as a standard of life.

We have no record or any intimation that Jesus thought his life would be wasted on Calvary. It was Peter who had that thought. And when one considers the meager facts with which Peter had to reason he is not to be greatly blamed for his defeatist attitude. He saw his Lord alone, matched against the Roman empire; a grand, courageous life matched against the unscrupulous leaders of the Sanhedrin. How could the life of his Lord be but lost? But Peter's was a temporal reasoning. Jesus knew God's way!

THE ROYAL QUALITY IN LIFE

We often hear of people "seeing red." If only more of us could see the potential purple, the regal possibilities in that divine Person whom the world has dubbed incompetent! There is the fascinating and classic story of the friendship between George Crabbe the poet and Edmund Burke the great English statesman.

George Crabbe spent the first twenty-five years of his life in a poor little village on the English coast where, with his father and brothers, he often went salt water fishing. On one occasion the father said about George: "That boy must be a fool. John and Bob are all of some use about the boat; but what will that thing ever be good for?" And yet that "thing" became the intimate of Joshua Reynolds, Sir Walter Scott, Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke.

The boy loved books and he was an apt student. It was decided that he should become a doctor. After his apprenticeship he returned to his native village. One very revealing entry is found in the town's records. It is this: "George Crabbe shall be employed to cure the boy Howard of the itch, and that whenever any of the poor shall have occasion for a surgeon, the overseers shall apply to him for that purpose."

But bit by bit the drop of purple began to emerge from "that thing" which was to add to the loveliness of the world. During all his days of struggle George Crabbe had persisted in writing. That was his love and his life. Then some of his verse was published.

HOMAGE FROM THE GREAT

Finally he ventured to the city of London. On a gloomy day he set out "with a box of clothes, a small case of surgical instruments, and three pounds in money." In his biography there is a chapter called "Poverty in London." He pawned everything. Even his surgical instruments went for loans. It was then that he wrote to Edmund Burke telling him of his condition and enclosing some of his poetry.

A biographer of Edmund Burke says: "We must remember it was at this time that Burke was engaged in the bitter and fierce struggle with Lord North. The

American War with the fate of a continent hanging in the balance was drawing to a disastrous close for England." Yet Burke found time to read that letter from an unknown poet. The honesty of it and the quality of some of the lines from "The Village" appealed to Burke and he decided to give George Crabbe his chance.

Edmund Burke, the outstanding political figure of his day, took time out of his busy, tempestuous life to look for the purple that he thought he observed in a young man who was well nigh defeated, and he found it. Because of this, he literally saved a soul and helped to enhance the literature of the English-speaking world.

CHRIST A DEALER IN PURPLE

Jesus never dabbled in purple. He dealt in it magnanimously in the out-of-the-way corners of life and in the high places. Do you recall those revealing words from "The Terrible Meek" by Charles Rann Kennedy which Mary spoke to the Roman officer?

> He wasn't particular, my son. He would go with anybody. He loved them so. There wasn't a drunken bibber in the place, not a lozel, not a thief, not a loose woman on the streets, but what called him brother. He would eat with them—go to their parties. He would go with the grand folk, too—He wasn't particular: He would go with anybody.

One must be a dealer in purple to live like that—to look at life in a light like that. For such there are no places in life that do not demand of them their best. The more sordid the place, the greater the sense of their responsibility. These dealers in purple never withhold that good thing of hand or soul which they possess, but give with an abandon which always astounds a selfish world—the dabblers. William Morris expressed it as deeply and truly as any man ever did when he said: "Whenever I see a poor devil drunk or brutal I always feel a sort of shame as if I myself had some hand in it."

There were hours in the life of Jesus when a toning down of the brilliant and enduring purple by applying a bit more earthy tinge might have given him respite, or even saved him from the cross. There were moments when he too might have dabbled—other men had done so and would do so again. But Jesus chose to be a dealer in that particular color. Even when alone with his own thoughts, in hours of temptation, in moments of humiliation, it was his soul's choice to deal in purple!

There must have been other merchants in Philippi selling purple in the time of Lydia. But we do not read of any of her business associates following her example. If other merchants were present on the day that Paul spoke by the river's edge, we hear of no deeper or wider interest being awakened in them. Lydia's business had colored her whole life and thinking. The others sold the color, but were blind to its deeper meaning and cold to its challenge. The symbolism of the royal purple, although they may have dipped into it up to their elbows, never colored their inner life.

It may also have been true that other dealers, being shrewd and canny, saw that they could not continue the business of selling purple in the old way, making questionable profits by selling an inferior product, and at the same time come over on Christ's side. And so, not being fools, they turned away from Paul's preaching and went about their business of changing their purple into money.

THE PURPLE OF MARTYRDOM

Dr. Leslie Weatherhead has given us an imaginative and dramatic picture of the last hours in the life of Telemachus. The monk has come to Rome to speak against the gladiatorial combats, and a good word for his Master. On the day of a great celebration he finds a place in the amphitheater. As the bloody spectacle goes on, his soul revolts. "He rises, leaps on the low wall which alone separates him from the arena, and in the silence which follows the greetings to Caesar, he shouts at the top of his voice: 'In the name of Christ, forbear!'

"Laughter runs around the galleries. The saint leaps to the sand. He rushes to the nearest group and thrusts himself between them. Indulgently they thrust him aside and continue to fight. The crowd roars with laughter. What a figure he is making! A gladiator strikes him with the flat of his sword. He is up again, is between the combatants, is imploring them in the name of Christ to cease.

"The crowd no longer thinks it funny. 'Run him through!' is the cry. There is a quick flash of a blade, and Telemachus is lying in the sand. Slowly the sand reddens around his body. A man rises and leaves the Coliseum. Another follows. Another. The saint was a man of God. Christianity is respected by an increasing number.

"The year is about 400 A.D. The great amphitheater begins to empty. The mind of the multitude has changed. They cry for the games to cease. It was the last time in the Roman Coliseum that gladiatorial fights took place. One man loved and suffered enough to change the mind of Rome."

'WHATSOEVER THINGS ARE TRUE'

Think of the dissimilarity within that arena. Up there in the seats of the Coliseum, row on row, a mighty crowd eager for the sight of the butchery of their own kind! In the choice seats were those labeled as the elite of the city, displaying the royal purple on their robes which their position or wealth allowed them to wear. Down there in the dust a figure in a coarse travel-stained garment, on whom no purple was to be seen by the physical eye. Yet it was there, and they who looked and had the eye of the spirit knew it was there! And as they looked the color began to take on a deeper tinge, to spread and leave its mark—upon the sand—upon that multitude—upon a whole city. A lifetime of dealing in purple had achieved its fulfillment!

It is an everlasting truth that whatsoever things are true, honest, just, pure and lovely can never lose their regal splendor nor power, whether found in ancient Philippi, in a Roman arena, or in our world of 1943.

> Be noble! and the nobleness that lies
> In other men, sleeping, but never dead,
> Will rise in majesty to meet thine own.

Five Minutes Longer

By Gerald Kennedy

THE Duke of Wellington, discussing certain British victories over the French, said: "British soldiers are not braver than French soldiers, they are only braver five minutes longer." Whether that may be historically true or not, it is a statement of the principle of victory. The biographies of men who have achieved reveal one common characteristic, the ability to persist longer than the opposition. When Walter Pitkin made a study of genius in a book entitled *The Psychology of Achievement,* he discovered that a continuous energy was the common denominator. Life reserves its rewards for the man who can persist five minutes longer.

This principle runs through the Bible. The story of the Hebrews is the story of a people who, through their faith in God, found the power to last a little longer than their enemies. The cross exemplifies love longer than the world can shout hatred. Paul, with pardonable pride, announces: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished the course, I have kept the faith." In Revelation, John is led into the presence of those arrayed in white robes and is told: "These are they that come out of the great tribulation, and they washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb." The Bible is aware that the rewards of religion come only to those who can last five minutes longer.

THE PATIENCE OF EVOLUTION

The universe seems to be built on this principle. Evolution is the story of the patience of God and the long processes which he uses. There have been species on the earth which are no longer here. Unable to adjust to new conditions, they were destroyed. The kind of life which is not destroyed is that life which can last longer than its enemies. The universe is friendly to the qualities of life that are tough. This is well illustrated in the history of certain races. The Chinese, for example, were civilized when our ancestors were running around in animal skins. They have been invaded many times, and they have been conquered many times. But today they appear as a people who have swallowed their invaders and quietly absorbed their conquerors. Five minutes after the invaders had become weary, the Chinese were still an unconquerable people. The Jews have been subject to a myriad of persecutions. But after the persecutors have become weary, the Jew still endures. So remarkable has been the history of this race that when Disraeli was asked his reason for believing in God, he replied, "The Jews." They should have given up in despair, but they have always held on five minutes longer.

The story of reform is the story of quiet persistence. Any plan which attempts the sudden overthrow of the old and the complete substitution of the new is almost certain to introduce as much evil as good. All panaceas which assume that by passing a law the economic problems of men may be solved should be looked upon with suspicion. Reform does not really take place until it has happened in the hearts of the majority of the citizens. This means that a strong, continuous, undiscourageable pressure must be applied constantly and persistently.

CHRISTIANITY CAN WAIT

It is here that Christianity and Communism part company. So far as goals are concerned, it is apparent that Christianity and Communism have much in common. Both advocate a society of justice and equality. But how different are the methods! Communism says to Christianity: "Your method is too slow. You have been at the job for nineteen centuries, and see how far from the goal you are! We cannot wait." But Christianity will reply: "If God can wait, so can we. We know our method is slow, but it is the only one that promises ultimate success. The Kingdom can be established only when there are enough people prepared to hold it up. Otherwise, you only trade one tyranny for another."

The new word of our day is "blitzkrieg." It means sudden, lightning conquest. When the enemy is unsuspecting and comparatively weak, it seems to work quite well. Yet even here it is too early to say that it has been successful. The nazis may yet discover that "the flies conquer the flypaper," as John Steinbeck has it in *The Moon Is Down.* The spirit of freedom and dignity in the heart of the common man may well prove to be able to persist five minutes longer than totalitarian atrocity. But it must be apparent to the Germans by now that this is no "blitzkrieg." However the war may end finally, victory will come to the side which has staying power. The universe has no short cuts and the mills of the gods still grind exceeding slow and exceeding fine.

When James and John came to Jesus and asked for the places of honor in his Kingdom, he replied: "Ye know not what ye ask. Are ye able to drink the cup that I drink? or to be baptized with the baptism that I am baptized with?" And they said unto him, "We are able." And Jesus said unto them, "The cup that I drink ye shall drink; and with the baptism that I am baptized with shall ye be baptized; but to sit on my right hand or on my left hand is not mine to give; but it is for whom it hath been prepared." There are some gifts which cannot be given unless the receiver is able to endure.

FORCE ALWAYS FAILS

The implication of a universe built on this principle is the assurance of the ultimate victory of truth and right. If the thing a person stands for is false, then he must be in a hurry. If he is not sure of his principles, he dare not trust time. All the great military leaders who sought empires and conquest were aware of this. Alexander had a rushing, feverish spirit as if he knew

he must hurry to enjoy his power because it was a passing show. Napoleon was willing to bathe Europe in blood because it was the quickest method to achieve his power, and he had very little time. Hitler follows the way of his predecessors in this and attempts to maintain his schedule, for his only hope is speed. Force is always the method of the unsure, for it gives speedy results.

With dramatic clearness the New Testament shows the two viewpoints in the trial of Jesus before Pilate. Pilate is a politician whose rewards are political. He cannot trust the future, but must receive his gifts today. If he loses his place, he has lost all, for his position is where his heart is. He may have a troubled conscience in the case of this Galilean, but if one life is the price of maintaining his place, the life must be sacrificed. Jesus, on the contrary, dares to believe that death cannot destroy him. He will be vindicated by time. And we now have the feeling that Pilate was being tried by Jesus, for time has upheld Jesus and destroyed Pilate. In a universe like ours, Jesus always wins and Pilate always loses.

In times of danger and stress, men become intolerant because they are afraid. Patriotism often becomes a matter of race hatred and bludgeoning into silence people who do not happen to agree with the self-styled patriot. A young American watching a 14th of July parade in Paris during the First World War noticed that the people were unusually silent. After it was over, they dispersed quietly, with here and there a tear in the eye. Wrote the young American, "Patriotism is lived, not cried out." Real patriotism is deep and tolerant because it rests upon the certainties which time cannot destroy.

WHAT OF THE FUTURE?

Here, then, is the test of any idea or program: Can it last five minutes longer? Can race hatred outlast the spirit of brotherhood? Hatred is powerful for a time, but at the end of the day its force is spent, while the idea of the brotherhood of man becomes stronger with time. Can tyranny last longer than democracy? It does seem more efficient and makes democracy appear weak and stumbling. But the dictators look good until the last five minutes, as Masaryk put it, while democracy's strength grows with the years. The test of a man's life is whether or not his central purpose is strong enough to endure. Victory and defeat are often meaningless terms, for there is a victory that corrupts and there is a defeat which glorifies. How long can the victory last, and how permanent is the defeat? The world has known many passing successes and many defeats which possessed the future. Truth and goodness are the sure things to believe in, for they have the power to last longer than falsehood and evil.

Finally, Jesus founded his religion on this principle. His life is an affirmation of faith in the durability of spiritual values. Christianity trusts time because time is the instrument of God. We may find disagreement among ourselves when we consider to what extent the Beatitudes must be taken literally. But this much seems clear: the Beatitudes represent the direction men must move, for they define the attitudes and virtues which can outlast all rivals. St. Paul puts it in these words: "And whether one uses gold or costly stone in building on the foundation, or wood or hay or straw, the quality of every one's work will appear, for the Day will show it. For the Day will break in fire, and the fire will test the quality of every one's work. If what a man has built on the foundation stands the test, he will have his pay. If a man's work is burned up, he must stand the loss." (1 Cor. 3: 12-15, Goodspeed.)

WHY THE CHURCH WILL LAST

Before men become too critical of the church, let it be remembered that it has lasted some nineteen centuries. Civilizations and societies have smashed, but the church has been able to last five minutes longer. That is not because the church has always had adequate leadership or because it is full of perfect people. It is because the church's life has never lost completely the spirit of its Master, which is eternal. The future always belongs to it. In an article on Comenius, the great seventeenth century educator, Norman Cousins wrote: "He was born at a time when progress was still something of a phenomenon, for it was only the dawn after the Dark Ages, and everywhere big clubs were being wielded by small minds trying to hold back the dawn." That is a description of our time. In many places, the big clubs and the small minds are seeking to stamp out Christian decencies in our civilization. But though the dawn often seems to linger, it cannot be held back forever, and it will lighten our skies five minutes after the darkness of the dictators has fled.

In one of the most famous letters written, Verdi the composer wrote to a friend in 1853 after the first-night failure of "La Traviata": "Dear Emanuele: 'Traviata' last night—a fiasco. Was it my fault or the singers? . . . Time will tell." Thus did he proclaim his faith in the eternal dimension of life which makes the present verdict comparatively unimportant. Isaiah's great word is: "They that wait for Jehovah shall renew their strength; they shall mount up with wings as eagles; they shall run, and not be weary; they shall walk, and not faint."

In God, is a man's power to last five minutes longer.

The Bible in China

THE PUBLICATION of the Scriptures in China since the beginning of the Japanese invasion in 1937 is an epic tale. Through all these tragic years, if one counts a single Gospel portion as a volume, China has bought more volumes of Scripture than has any other nation on earth, the total number each year being almost a quarter of the whole world's output. Of course, China is the most populous of all nations; but when one is talking of books, he must consider literacy. China is only now making a determined effort to increase her literate population. A leader in the literary revival now going on in China predicts that five years from now there will be an increase of 140,000,000 Chinese people who can read.

FRANCIS C. STIFLER.

This Alone Is Victory

By Harold E. Fey

ON THIS Memorial Day we are compelled to deal with the fact of death. While all the world strives for victory, the roll of the casualties mounts. With more men mobilized into contending forces than ever before in human history, millions of men, women and children have died and the end is still beyond our sight. Front lines have dissolved under the impact of bombs dropped from airplanes and even the distinction between civilian and military grows dim. On this Memorial Day we soberly seek consolation for ourselves because of those who have been lost. We seek to understand the meaning of this suffering and strive for hope that it may soon end forever. Meanwhile the losses continue and none knows where death may strike next.

Dreadful as this hour is, it may yet be an hour of rebirth of spiritual power and radiant joy. Not until it confronted death did the early Christian Church become a triumphant reality. From the moment it came to believe that Jesus Christ had conquered death through the power of God, it became invincible. To the disciples the Cross was at first ultimate discreditment and defeat. Dying an untimely death, seeming to be forsaken even by God in his last moments, the youthful Jesus appeared tragically to have failed. Then came the resurrection. Jesus was not only alive, but he was completely a victor over the last enemy. No other explanation was possible but that God had intervened. Henceforth they proclaimed "him . . . ye by the hands of lawless men did crucify and slay whom God hath raised up."

THE ULTIMATE FEAR

The disciples knew that the fear of death is the ultimate fear. They realized that this is the dread that underlies all other anxieties. They understood that each of the varied phantoms that haunt the darkened corners of the mind eventually turns out to be this one spectral figure wearing one or another of his many masks. From their own experience they had discovered that every man is a slave until he conquers this fear of death. Because he is first of all a slave within, tyrannies find it easier to rob him of his outer liberties.

So to the disciples Jesus' conquest of death was the ultimate victory. Hitherto their fear of death had rested upon a fact whose dreadful darkness nothing had ever illuminated. Now this fact—the fact of death—was suddenly pierced with a shaft of light. God had raised up Jesus from the dead. Death was no longer invincible. The pall of secret sorrow which was the universal lot of mankind was lifted.

The resurrection taught the disciples not that death did not exist, but rather that it was conquerable. Men can do their worst. They can kill the body. But they can go no farther. God is not so limited. When Jesus died on the Cross, that was not the end. Beyond the Cross was the resurrection. So the disciples of Jesus suddenly believed that God will similarly raise up all those who draw near to him through Jesus, "seeing he ever liveth and maketh intercession for us." He who has been saved "is able to save to the uttermost them that draw near unto God through him." To the uttermost—people living in daily intimacy with torture and death knew what that meant. They knew, and they went forth not grimly and stoically, not with thin-lipped defiance and bitter resolution, but radiantly, thankfully, openly, with a song on their smiling lips and friendliness, faith and forgiveness in their grateful hearts. The Kingdom of Heaven was within them. Time had lost its terrors. Death had been swallowed up in victory.

VICTORY WITHOUT HOPE

This age is like theirs. Is our faith like theirs? In the wake of war—famine, pestilence and death sweep over the planet. Those in authority have their plans of what will result from the carnage, but we know that "man proposes, but God disposes." In our hearts we understand that behind the rulers we, the people of the world who might have been Christian but were not, are responsible for this war. Because war came as a consequence of our sins of greed, fear and selfishness; of our belief that the end justifies the means and that evil can be overcome with evil, the course of events has got out of control. Only universal repentance can now stop this war before it has run its course into universal exhaustion. There are few signs of universal repentance. Consequently millions have died and millions more will die. The fear of death, either for himself or for his loved ones, haunts the mind of every intelligent person. The fact of death is a very present specter ranging every continent, patrolling every sea.

Is there then no hope? So far as anything men can devise, there is none. God has unlocked the inventive genius of men and made possible a world in which men could dwell together in health and plenty. But we have lost peace and brotherhood and so men starve and die in epidemics while they give the fruit of their bodies for the sin of their souls. We have doomed ourselves to a war which is being fought on both sides as simply a struggle for survival. At its end, there will come victory. For victory everything is sacrificed. But there is nothing to hope for in this victory. The Kingdom of God is not going to be taken by force in this manner. With victory, once again will come disillusionment. We shall then learn, as we did in 1919, what the war has cost in life, what it has cost in ruined minds and in maimed bodies, what it has cost in juvenile delinquency, in broken homes, in moral collapse. We shall discover what propaganda has done to the faith of another generation, to its capacity for belief in integrity and thus for cooperation in democratic society. We shall probably hear of secret treaties, of merchants of death profiteering in munitions, of politicians making political capital out of misery. We

shall learn of the multiplied atrocities which have been imposed on the little peoples of Europe by nazi tyranny on the one hand and by our own hunger blockade on the other. We shall see how frightfully destructive the airplane and submarine have been. And when the people crawl out of their ruins we shall discover that all the great issues remained unsolved.

ONE POWER CAN CONQUER DEATH

Man cannot save himself. The story of his efforts to do so provides no assurance that any global strategy, any planetary plans, will bring salvation. There is no hope in victory in this war, and none in defeat. There is no hope in postwar planning and none in return to laissez-faire. There is no hope in scientific achievements which only make wars more dreadful, in educational advance which only infects the minds of children with deeper hatreds, in democracy which only makes destruction more universal with conscription. The game is up. Man is not going to invent himself into salvation, or to study himself into salvation, or to vote himself into salvation. Salvation cannot be bought, or stolen, or acquired by cheating God.

But there is a power which can save every man and which can redeem man's social world. It can end wars and undermine the causes of wars. It can still blow like a clean wind dispelling the smell of death from the world. It is the power than can conquer death.

Long ago people who were caught in the grip of tyranny and death, whose contemporaries held that integrity was dear and life cheap, received this power as a free gift of divine grace. They constantly talked about the "exceeding greatness of his power to us-ward who believe, according to that working of the strength of his might which he wrought in Christ, when he raised him from the dead." They did more than talk about it. They lived by this grace of God. They behaved as though they knew death was vincible. They dropped fear as a man who is weary of darkness discards a blindfold from his eyes. And they could say to one another, "If ye then were raised together with Christ, seek the things that are above."

BEYOND REALISM TO ACTUALITY

We, like the early Christians, can conquer death. "If any man is in Christ, he is a new creature; the old things are passed away; behold, they are become new . . . He died for all, that they which live should no longer live unto themselves, but unto him who for their sakes died and rose again." In quiet and confident faith, we can lay hold of the power which is not our own. That power cuts through the supposed reality of the realists into the actual world that is wholly new. With it we can confront despair at its worst when we see it in the face of death and disillusionment. Through faith in God we too can be regenerated and filled with radiant and unquenchable hope. "Except a man be born anew, he cannot see the kingdom of God," but if he be born anew, he cannot see anything else.

But this is for the living. What can we say on this Memorial Day concerning the dead? Is all their suffering and sacrifice in vain? It has been said that the essence of religion is the conviction that value will be preserved. Even the pagan faiths seek to preserve for themselves the belief that their soldier dead still live in some Shinto shrine or pagan Valhalla or Moslem paradise. Can the Christian faith offer the consolation of a similar hope?

It cannot. The risen life of the Christian faith is not a soldiers' heavenly banquet hall, its walls hung with bloody swords, its windows adorned with torn flags and its tables laden with booty. We can say, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ," but we have no right to expect victory in any other terms. We can know that "he that doeth the will of God abideth forever," but we have no assurance that immortality can come any other way.

IS THE BATTLEFIELD A CALVARY?

There are those who liken the sacrifice of the battlefield to that which occurred on Calvary. To the degree that the battlefield sacrifices the relatively innocent for the sins of those who bear the brunt of the guilt, this comparison has some validity. To the degree that the battlefield is the altar on which parents offer up their sons so that others may have a fuller life, the parallel has points of similarity. When the battlefield becomes the place where a man offers up his life for his fellows, it moves nearer to Calvary.

But it is no disrespect to those who die in war or to the sublimity to which men can sometimes attain in the face of great danger to point out that great and definitive differences stand between the battlefield and Calvary. In offering up his son to die, the human father is still not God, and in giving his life in battle the son's sacrifice is far different from that of Christ on the Cross. On the Cross, Jesus Christ freely and voluntarily took suffering on himself in witness to the faith that God can overcome evil with good even to the extent of overcoming death with life. The Cross was not a death that overtook Jesus while he was trying to inflict death on somebody else, and so to overcome evil with evil. It was a death that he took on himself as a witness to the redemptive power of God that evil and death cannot conquer. It was a death that God allowed him to endure as a testimony to the terrible nature of the sin that separates the heavenly Father from his children, to the fact that God suffers with his children and that he in free and undeserved grace can and does really save to the uttermost.

So the soldier who may not automatically find the radiance of the transformed life on the battlefield may yet find it as a man and a child of God. He who raised up Jesus from the dead is a God of grace and power. We can safely entrust to him our most beloved. If we are concerned that the simple goodness, the capacity for magnificent sacrifice, the warm friendliness and the little personal and tender ways of our sons shall not be utterly lost in this vast, gregarious death of war, how much more is the heavenly Father, who loves them more than we possibly can, concerned! In

committing their immortal souls to their Maker, we take courage from the fact that his mercy and forgiveness are not circumscribed by our weak faith or our feeble understanding. He does not allow us to judge, yet his judgments are true and righteous altogether, because they are the fruit of a Father's heart who sees his own while they are yet far off.

THOSE WHO LOVE LIFE

To believe this is not to justify war. It is not a transparent attempt to rationalize mechanized slaughter. It is not a method of excusing ourselves lightly for sins which have sent our youth to their untimely deaths. It is not a way of blinding ourselves to the ultimate injustice which is now being perpetrated against millions who are being robbed of their one chance to live out the lives God gave them to live. To be honest with those who are deprived of the opportunity of speaking for themselves, we must be prepared to acknowledge that they love life. As Charles Lamb said of himself, each of them might say: "In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. These metaphors solace me not nor sweeten the unpalatable draught of mortality . . . . I am in love with the green earth; the face of town and country, the unspeakable

A Children's Sermon for Mother's Day

By Virgil E. Foster

DO YOU boys and girls wish to be thought of as old-fashioned? Taking a quick look at you I would say that you pride yourselves on being very modern, smart-looking and spiffy. I would even suspect that you have parents who are modern and up-to-date. You may not always think that you have. I heard a girl say to her mother recently, "Oh, Motha, don't be so old-fashioned!" The mother was shocked. It seemed only a few years since she had said those same words to her mother. It made her feel quite old. She, the smart young woman who prided herself on being right up-to-the-minute, was now being called old-fashioned by her own daughter. You can imagine how she felt.

A STORY WITHOUT A MORAL

This is Mother's Day. It is a good time for us to think together about this problem of being old-fashioned or up-to-date. Being modern is not quite as simple as it may seem. I have a story to tell you about a man and his boy who faced this problem of being modern, in a very practical way. They were Mr. Parker and his son Albert. They lived in a part of the country where the ground was mostly sand and was very soft. They had to haul heavy loads across the sandy farm, as they built fences, buildings and bridges.

One of Mr. Parker's neighbors said to him, "What you need is a team of big strong horses to pull your loads." Another neighbor said, "Oh, no! What you need is a big modern tractor." Albert had what he thought was the best idea of all. "Dad, let's get one of those big shiny red trucks they are selling in town," he said; "and I will drive it for you while you do the loading and unloading." Mr. Parker took the advice of none of them. Instead, he bought an ox. It was an old-fashioned ox like those that pulled the covered wagons across the prairies in pioneer days. An ox is an awkward animal, and looks terribly out-of-date in our modern world. Yet, he is faithful, strong and steady. He can be taught to obey spoken commands, so that there is no need of lines. There are no gears, brakes or throttles to bother with.

Then Mr. Parker made an oxcart. Instead of putting it on the ordinary cartwheels, he used a pair of automobile wheels with big rubber tires. The large soft tires would not sink into the sand under a heavy load like the hard steel-rimmed ones ordinarily used on carts.

Albert said, "Oh, fawtha, don't be so old-fashioned!" The neighbors started at the curious combination of the ancient and modern, and smiled. Mr. Parker did not mind. He went about his work, much pleased with his new outfit. He knew that the test of a thing is not, "Is it new?" but "Does it best serve our purpose?" He knew that he had found the combination of the old and the new that would best do the job he had ahead of him. Day after day Mr. Parker could be seen hauling loads of logs, building material, or crops he had harvested; but he was never seen with a load stuck in the sand. While Albert dreamed of driving a shiny red truck, his father went about his work with great satisfaction, although he had only a good modern oxcart and a dependable old-fashioned ox.

'PROVE ALL THINGS'

The Apostle Paul was that sort of man. In his first letter to the Thessalonians he made a statement which each of us should know and remember—particularly on Mother's Day. You will find it in your Bibles in the fifth chapter of First Thessalonians, verse twenty-one. Paul said: "Prove all things; hold fast to that which is good."

Let me propose an experiment for you. It is good for Mother's Day or for any other day. When you feel it coming on you to say to your mother or father, "Oh, don't be so old-fashioned!" stop and think: "Is this thing which makes them seem old-fashioned really good and useful? If it is, it is modern and up-to-date." The boy or girl who "proves all things," then "holds fast to that which is good," is a truly modern, up-to-date person.

rural solitudes and the sweet security of the streets."

Standing in the presence of death, we can however know what is the true victory, whose garland does not fade and whose glory never dims. For that victory we must all strive, more determinedly because we have so abysmally failed God whose free gift it is. Since we are human, that victory must at the same time be a triumph over both sin and death. With the odor of death lying heavily on every community, with the fear of death haunting every fireside, we must achieve what no man can achieve. We must conquer the inner sins which make outward wars. We must find before it is too late the secret of peace which can stop the onward march of death, and we must get from somewhere the power we do not have to end wars forever. For the struggle against sin and death includes by definition the struggle against war, which is both.

HERE IS VICTORY—AND FREEDOM

Long ago St. Paul stood up in an age like ours and cried: "The law of the spirit of life in Christ Jesus made me free from the law of sin and death." Here is victory that the centuries have not robbed of sweetness. Here is freedom that no tyrant chains can confine. It might be said that this victory was victory for Paul and not for his dying world. But history reveals that the spirit of life in Christ Jesus working through this lonely man and others as weak, held together that which was of worth in his world and became the foundation of a better age. It might also be said that what was liberty to St. Paul did not free the enslaved Roman sociey of which he was a part. Nevertheless even his jailers found freedom through him, and after them a whole civilization.

This is the freedom our hearts desire. We cannot be satisfied with anything less. Penitently we seek the personal freedom from inward evil which makes possible peace within our souls and in our world. In contrition we yearn for the power of God that can make us, too, free from "the law of sin and death" of which one penalty is war. In faith in the spirit of life in Christ Jesus, we dare to dream even of the conquest of death in a world where once each generation death climbs the throne and seems to rule the planet. This spirit of life, this contagion of immortality, which was in St. Paul, which raised Jesus Christ from the dead, can be ours. This alone is victory.

"Eternal" is not to be taken primarily in a quantitative sense, to signify mere endlessness. It is rather a life of new dimensions, life raised to new capacities—the full opening out of life Godward. By birth from above the soul partakes of the Life of God and enters upon a type of life as inexhaustible as his life is and as incapable of being ended by physical catastrophe.

Rufus Jones.

As followers of Him in whom the very heart of God has been unveiled, we do not believe in death. Even as thousands fall at our left and ten thousands at our right, we still do not believe in death. For we Christians know that the breath of eternal life is in us. So we are undaunted by the holocausts of time. We are channels of God's breath of life made known to us in Christ and we would have all men share this knowledge with us.

Russell H. Stafford.

When worship is once more the consecration of life, and all life—industry and commerce no less than friendship and the family—is the corollary of worship, our church will once more truly live and society will be the fulfillment of our dreams.

Archbishop of Canterbury.

5-9-43
7-23-44

A Pastoral Prayer

By Ernest Fremont Tittle

ETERNAL GOD, who hast been our dwelling-place in all generations, it comforts us to know that nothing shall ever be able to separate us from Thee.

When we are lonely, we are not alone, for Thou art with us.

When we are tempted, Thou art at hand to warn us and to provide a way of escape.

When we sin and grow weary of sinning and are heartily sorry for our misdoings, Thy presence is not withdrawn; by Thy mercy we are forgiven, by Thy power we are healed.

When our flesh is racked with pain and laid low in weakness, Thine angels come and minister unto us.

When we are stripped of earthly possessions and learn the meaning of privation, Thou art the support that never fails.

When the world about us is full of darkness and tumult, Thou art the light that guides us and the hope that sustains us.

When we gird ourselves to do battle with the principalities and powers of evil, Thou art the courage that arms us and the strength that sees us through.

When we are separated from those we love, Thou art the presence that unites us in bonds that no distance can sever nor even death can break.

When our work on earth is done, Thou art the life that goes on and the resurrection of the dead.

O God our Father, whose love has never let us go, help us in prayer and supplication with thanksgiving to make known our requests unto Thee; that the peace of God which passes all understanding may guard our hearts and our thoughts; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

Preaching Unpopular Truth

By Henry Hitt Crane

IN SUCH tense and terrible times as these, every sincere minister of Christ who takes seriously the prophetic function of his vocation must readily recognize the cogent relevancy of this theme and the importance of dealing with it practically and realistically. To that end I have raised with myself four obvious questions: Why? What? When? How? I recognize that the last query bears most directly upon the subject as stated, and I shall deal with it subsequently in detail. But until we have frankly faced and satisfactorily answered the first three issues, an adequate solution to the last is virtually impossible.

● *I. Why Shall We Preach Unpopular Truth?*

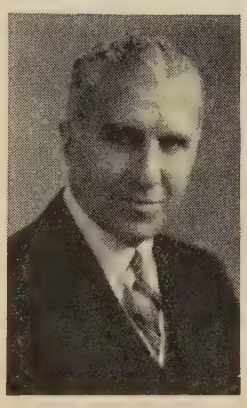
First, then, *why* preach unpopular truth at all? Why not be adroit, skillful, wise enough to avoid issues that are controversial, disturbing and inevitably provocative of trouble? There are certainly many matters of importance that may be preached about without creating antagonism and dissension. In tragic hours like the present, when compassion, comfort and courage to endure are so essential, why not speak the word that blesses rather than the one that burns? "Comfort ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God." Surely, that divine command has never been rescinded, and is as imperative today as in that ancient yesteryear.

Besides, there is a war on right now. "We've got a job to do." Is there anything more important than winning the victory for freedom? To talk about loving your enemies, returning good for evil and doing unto others as you would have them do to you may sound pious enough, but when there is so much at stake in this war, isn't it almost subversive to express such sentiments? Won't it weaken morale, slow up production and cause disunity? Granted that war is evil. Whether we will or no, we are all involved. We might as well make the best of it. And what is to be gained by defying the will of the majority, anyhow? We shall only get ourselves soundly disliked, to say the least, and the result will be such loss of influence as will destroy our effectiveness altogether.

I state the case as fairly as I can—and I frankly confess that I feel the appeal of the argument. It is a legitimate, normal and valuable instinct to desire to be popular. In fact, I believe it is our duty to be popular. For only as we are liked, admired, held in esteem do we have the positive influence over others that we ought to have. For anyone to say he does not care what people think of him is, I think, to mark that person as something of a fool or a liar, or both.

● *Two Kinds of Popularity*

But there are two kinds of popularity: the ephemeral and the permanent—and often one must be sacrificed for the other. Lafcadio Hearn tells



Henry H. Crane

a story of an Oriental hero who owned and worked a highly valued rice field that covered a hill-top overlooking the sea. One day during an earthquake, from his high vantage point, he saw the ocean swiftly withdrawing from the familiar shore. It looked like some prodigious animal crouching for a deadly, destructive leap, and he knew that leap would be the tidal wave. He saw also that his neighbors working in the low fields must be speedily gathered to his hill or be swept away. Without second thought and with a grim determination, he set fire to his cherished rice-ricks and then furiously rang the temple bell. His neighbors thought his farm on fire and rushed to help him, only to discover that he had deliberately started the blaze himself. They were very angry and berated him roundly, saying that he was insane thus to jeopardize the common possessions of the community. But he only smiled and pointed to the sea. From that safe hill, they saw the swirl of waters over fields just forsaken—and knew the cost of their salvation. Then they realized the worth of him who risked their ready wrath to gain their lasting gratitude. With rare insight Hearn entitles the story, "A Living God," and tells us that the people of those rice fields afterward used to go to the temple to worship their neighbor's spirit. His popularity endured.

Contrast with that the willingness to remain silent of those who claim the right to live on the lofty hills of God whence, if they will but look, they can behold the sea of sane human relationships withdraw from its accustomed shores in the menacing crouch of war. Yet they give no realistic word of warning lest they jeopardize their present popularity—and prized possessions. What think you will be their influence in the long tomorrows?

● *Fitting Life to Christ, or Christ to Life*

Why preach unpopular truth? Because when life is organized on assumptions that are utterly at variance with the abiding principles propounded by One who had the long look, principles that are as enduring as the laws of the universe, nothing is more superlatively imperative than that those truths of the living God be proclaimed. To utter smooth and comforting sentiments when the tidal wave of global war is upon us, instead of challenging those who live in the low valleys of their immediate concern to climb the heights of sacrificial good will, is to forget and to forfeit the prime prerogative of the preacher's profession.

As one of our modern prophets declared: "There are only two possible adjustments in life; one is to suit our life to the principles of Christ, the other is to suit his principles to our life. In other words, one must either live as one believes, or believe as one lives. In the face of the modern mood so grimly geared to the war philosophy, the preacher must decide for himself whether he will come down from the cross-crowned hill in response to that mood, or whether he will remain there like Christ and draw the whole world to Christ's way. He must definitely decide whether he is going to try to make Christianity fit men, or whether he is going to try to make men fit Christianity."

The former alternative has all too often been tried—as in the last war which we thought we had won. The procedure is popular for the nonce and elicits much praise and promise of re-

ward after the suicidal struggle has ceased. But surely Christ's principles must outlast the passions of men, and he who proclaims them in season and out may suffer sinister consequences, as did his Master, but he will "get away with it" in the long run, as the compromisers, the casuists and the experts in expediency never do. "Blessed are ye when men shall reproach you, and persecute you, and say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice and be exceeding glad: for great is your reward in heaven: for so persecuted they the prophets that were before you."

● *II. What Is Truth?*

But popular or unpopular, *what* is truth? How can we be sure that what we preach *is* truth? For the preacher this cannot be a mere academic question; it is essentially a moral decision. The truth we preach is not simply a philosophy; it is a Person. It is not an abstraction; it is an Incarnation. It is not a lot of words; it is the Word made flesh. It is not a theory; it is Christ. As the mighty preacher Paul declared: "The Jews require a sign, and the Greeks seek after wisdom: but we preach Christ crucified." If that fact is kept clear, a vast amount of rationalization and confusion can be avoided.

This clever attempt to escape the necessity of championing the Truth by raising pedantic problems is as old as Pilate's famed phrase, "What is Truth?" the equivalent of which, doubtless, has been reiterated by every coward who has been confronted with the serious dilemma of what to do with Christ when, in one way or another, he inevitably challenges Caesar and his mighty empire. Imagine, though, the appalling ineptitude of the question! Here was Pilate face to face with the fullest vision of the Truth he could ever again hope to see—not abstract, general, vague; but Truth Incarnate, visible, tangible, capable of being championed, followed, obeyed—and he does not, or he will not let himself, recognize it. It was as though one were to stand in the full glory of the unclouded sun and ask, "What is Light?"

Small wonder Christ was silent after the stupid, evasive question was put. He understood what Pilate was trying to do. He was trying to avoid the unpleasant necessity of doing his duty lest it jeopardize his alliance with Caesar. He wanted to wash his hands of the whole matter—because kowtowing to Caesar was much more practical, popular, pleasant and well-paying than championing Christ. But raising academic questions and much washing of hands will not do. The results are too terrible. "We crucify the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame."

● *III. When Shall We Preach Christ?*

Now we are ready to ask our third question: *When* shall we preach Christ—his way, his truth, his life and death and resurrection? Obviously the unequivocal answer is *now*. It cannot be postponed to some future date when the times are more propitious, the situation more safe. The assumption that the teaching of Jesus, the application of his principles and the acceptance of his way of life was not intended for immediate adoption, seems to me to be preposterous. This doctrine of a time-lag is heresy of the wickedest sort. Where in the Gospel is there the slightest justification for any delayed-action discipleship? Jesus' most characteristic demand was for immediate and complete obedience. No excuses were acceptable—not even the urgent need of looking after newly purchased property, expiring parents, or a newly wed wife. The Gospel of the Kingdom is not only an ideal, but a method of attaining that ideal. The very fact that Jesus insisted upon unhesitating experimentation in the use of his method was what made his teaching unpopular. As long as he merely quoted the prophets and talked about the coming of the Kingdom, no one objected to his message. It was when he declared that the long-looked-for day had arrived; that the future had become the "now," that the perennially postponed "some day" had become "today;" that his popularity waned with a vengeance—rioting arose and murder was planned.

For every preacher, as for every sinner, the only time there is, is *now*.

Finally, then, since the world is so obstinately, stupidly and persistently set on trying to practice principles that are wrong, and as proclaimers of the truth we are under divine obligation to try to set the world right, we see *why* we must preach "unpopular truth," since we must preach Christ as the Way, the Truth and the Life, rather than our own pet opinions, panaceas and programs; we see *what* is the "unpopular truth" we must preach; and since "today is the only day of salvation," we see *when* we must preach "unpopular truth."

● *IV. How Shall We Preach Unpopular Truth?*

We now come to the most important question of all, namely *how* preach "unpopular truth" and "get away with it"? Frankly, I do not know. What servant is better than his Lord? The Master alienated the crowd, antagonized the ignorant and the wicked, irritated the intelligentsia and the influential—and at thirty-three he was crucified by the combined cruelty of all. It is by no means a minister's prime concern, therefore, whether he can "get away with it" or not. His major fear should always be lest he get away *from* such preaching. For the gospel *must be preached,* and with such fearlessness that what happens to the preacher himself as a result is a matter of secondary importance. People may be hostile because the preaching is so true that it is unendurable to those who live with lies; in which event the ancient road to some form of crucifixion simply has to be taken. But then again, people may be justifiably hostile, for the preaching may impress them as being of men rather than of God, as being a biased or partisan interpretation of events rather than the imperial persuasiveness and power of Christ; in which event the ancient road of repentance and prayer for forgiveness has to be taken both readily and rigorously.

Much of the difficulty incident to preaching unpopular truth, however, derives not from the nature of the truth itself, but from the way it is preached. A disgruntled temperament, a subtly soured spirit, an antagonistic attitude, a gratuitous belligerency, a spiritual insensitiveness, an egregious egotism, an arrogant dogmatism, a condescending omniscience—any of these unfortunate characteristics may so distort and twist the meaning of the truth that is uttered as to alienate the hearer altogether. It always takes two techniques to tell the truth. The easiest part is saying your say; the hardest part is preparing the mind of your auditor to hear what you actually say rather than what he thinks you say when he sees your manner, senses your attitude or divines your spirit.

Doubtless every sincere minister had his own devotional disciplines whereby he seeks to prepare his heart as well as his head for his prophetic office. I have a very simple, but very searching, procedure that perhaps I should share with you despite the fact that the last of the three practices is of necessity so intimately personal. The first two are quite essential to all; the third is indispensable to me.

● *Immersion in Christ and in One's People*

Primary and supreme in importance, it seems to me, is the deliberate immersion of oneself in the spirit of Christ. By prayer, by the most inspiring devotional reading, by disciplined meditation, I must practice the presence of my Master—so that I "see Jesus only" at the core of my consciousness. To make him so real, so alluring, so fully in command of my life is my objective. To paraphase a famous statement, I say to myself: "This above all: to Him I must be true, and it must follow as the night the day that I cannot then be false to any other."

Secondly, I must unhesitatingly immerse myself in the love of my people—*all* people, of course, and then *my*

people, my very own. I think of them as individuals, as a group, associated in various organizations, with their loyalties, their problems, their joys, their frustrations, their hurts, their needs, and most of all their infinite value, their matchless worth in the sight of God—and in my sight, too. And then, without allowing an ungracious, mean, critical memory to contaminate my thought of them, I love them—with a vast compassion and a consecrated concern for them. To the degree that I cleanse my spirit with such a flood of affection for my people, I find them almost invariably willingly receptive to anything I say.

● *A Personal Testimony*

Lastly, I deliberately immerse myself in the spirit of my own earthly father, who, as long as I can remember, has been my ideal of all that a minister should be. I have a life-size, head and shoulders, photograph of him in my study, always in the choicest and most central position on the wall. Very seldom do I enter my pulpit without standing a brief while before this likeness of him, to commune with his valiant spirit. I think of his character qualities; his magnificent courage that undergirded all that he said, did and was with a certain steel-like strength; his unimpeachable integrity of mind and morals that gave him an inviolable immunity to the shafts of his enemies; his purity of motive that produced not only an amazing power of utterance but an unwavering faith in the eventual triumph of right and the defeat of wrong; his vast sympathy for all, but particularly for the underprivileged, the sick and the exploited; his unquenchable, deliciously spontaneous sense of humor, his flashing repartee and utterly original rejoinders; and most of all, his all-consuming obsession to serve his Master and His Cause with such prodigal devotion that he hurled his life away in a veritable ecstasy of selflessness, so that of him, too, it could be said: "He saved others, himself he could not save."

They say he died—thirty-five years ago, when he was but fifty-three, and I a mere lad. But I remember him as though he were with me now—as he surely is. I revel in the richness of my heritage, but I am awed at the responsibility it imposes—so I pray hard for help. Then as I start for the pulpit I find myself repeating the magic lines of the poem my uncle, Frank Crane, wrote about my father the night the latter died:

CHARLES ALVA CRANE

The True Dominican

Domini-canis—Hound of the Lord!
This grim name from the Dark Ages
Suited him, fearless, faithful;
Whelped in the wide West,
And set to guard God's sheep
Here in New England;
A conscience more than Puritan.

Life and death, riches and poverty,
Favor and fear, heaven and hell,
These are lures for the weaklings.
He wanted, longed for, just one thing,
To hear his Master's voice
And—to Obey!

And yet—his heart!
As big as brave;
Oh, tender as a whispered prayer it was,
Seeking his Master like a creeping flame,
Enfolding one woman with a passion ever youthful,
And to his children and his friends
A city of Refuge—
God! How he loved us!

His was the world-old simple creed
Of honest men, whatever their faith:
"Wrong's wrong and to be hated,
And right's right and to die for!"
He knew his enemies and fought hard,
So that they loved him, too;
For a fighter's a man's man when he fights fair
And uses only the weapons of God.

We will call him Domini-canis, the Lord's Hound,
He was to us more than a man;
For the best of men will waver,
But he was Christ's great watch-dog.
As we look on his strong face,
Dead—dead—
In the still parsonage chamber,
Right by the church,
He seems to lie at his Master's door,
Like the Lion of Lucerne, guarding the lilies.

Before him fraud, greed, drunkard-makers,
And the whole cruel, sly wolf-pack;
Behind him, guarded, the lilies of love and home,
And Christ's sheep feeding;
And between the two,
Dead at his post,
Gentle and brave,
My brother! God, give me a place by him!

THE one hopeful fact about humanity is that we have reservoirs of untapped heroism left in us. We can be hard, we can endure; we can do the difficult yet correct thing—and we do. Life never should be easy. Life for ages has been tough. It is hard to be a Christian. It is a religion for heroes only. If we are able to discern the essence of Christian living, we must perceive this rugged, enduring, sacrificial, heroic element. Without these qualities the diamond is only paste.

JOHN R. EWERS.

Toward Better Speech

A Free Forum for the Discussion of Slips of Speech and Manner

Hate and hatred. Hate is a verb; hatred, the noun. Men harbor hatred in their hearts; they denounce hatred. Erroneously, the use of the "poetic" hate in place of hatred is prevalent.

"Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani" (Mark 15:34). A seminary professor insists that it be remembered that the pronunciation of foreign words, unless Anglicized, should follow the rules of the language of which they are a part. He says: "To read here, 'EE-loy, EE-loy, Lah-mah, sab-BACK-thu-nigh' is as bad as to pronounce 'bon jour' as 'bonn jower.'" Bibles printed by the American Bible Society follow Webster's New International Dictionary. In so common a publication we read: **"AY-loh-ee, AY-loh-ee, sah-BAHK-thah-nee."** Authorities differ in accenting sabachthani. The International Standard Bible Encyclopedia accents the second syllable; others accent the third, while still others give the final syllable the primary accent, with the second receiving secondary stress.

Toward the abolition of **"Reverend"** as a ministerial prefix (continued from last month): Canada: "Even the minister's wife is sometimes called, 'Mrs. Rev. J. E. Jones.'" New York: "It is amazing to observe who makes the error most often—other ministers, who ought to be required to learn better before being given a seminary degree. Some cannot see, if a man is called the Rev. J. E. Jones, why he should not be called "Reverend Jones." Alexander Woollcott aptly called this a "lighthearted vulgarity." Why not say "Mister"?

North Carolina: **Worship** is a verb or a noun; not an adjective. "Worship service" is incorrect. **Folk** is misused and overworked. It means "a kindred tribe, race, or nation, etc." Those who say "You folk" are using an archaic expression.

Massachusetts: Watch these accents: **COMparable, PREFerable, FORmidable, aDULT, fiNANCE.**

Connecticut: **Protestant** has three t's. "I have frequently heard 'Taykeet' for 'Take, eat'; and 'blessing of God dallmighty.'" Preferred pronunciation of **usage** would have the z-sound, not the s-sibilant, though the latter is allowed. This is a form of the verb, not the noun.

AUBREY N. BROWN,
Presbyterian Church, Montgomery, W. Va.

• WHO'S WHO in THIS ISSUE •

FOLLOWING a ministry of 14 years at First Baptist Church, Atlanta, Ga., Rev. ELLIS A. FULLER retired last year to accept the presidency of Southern Baptist Theological Seminary in Louisville, Ky. His sermon, "It Is Time to Seek Jehovah," was delivered on the Church of the Air of the Columbia Broadcasting System.

Dr. JOHN W. BUCKHAM *was professor of Christian* theology at the Pacific School of Religion from 1903 to 1937 and is now emeritus professor. Among his many books are *Religion as Experience, The Humanity of God* and *The Inner World.* His sermon in this issue was broadcast from Berkeley, Calif.

Rev. ORVIS F. JORDAN *has for many years been* pastor of the Community Church of Park Ridge, a suburb of Chicago, and for a long period ministered at First Christian Church, Evanston, Ill. Mr. Jordan is one of the pioneers in the community church movement.

After pastorates in Boston and in Lyndonville, Vt., Rev. VICTOR B. CHICOINE became minister of the Congregational Christian Church, Winter Park, Fla., leading church of that college town. The first pastor of this church was the first president of Rollins College.

Since last October Rev. GERALD KENNEDY *has* ministered at St. Paul Methodist Church, Lincoln, Neb. He went to that pulpit from the First Methodist Church, Palo Alto, Calif., where he was also director of the Wesley Foundation at Stanford University; he also lectured in homiletics at the Pacific School of Religion.

Rev. HAROLD E. FEY *is field editor of The Christian Century.* Following two pastorates in Nebraska, Mr. Fey was professor of sociology in Union Theological Seminary, Manila, P. I., 1923-31. Then for three years he was editor of *World Call,* international magazine of Disciples of Christ. From 1935 to 1940 he was executive secretary of the Fellowship of Reconciliation and editor of *Fellowship.*

Rev. ERNEST FREMONT TITTLE *is minister of the* First Methodist Church, Evanston, Ill.

Rev. VIRGIL C. FOSTER *is associate minister of the* Pilgrim Congregational Church, St. Louis, Mo.

Rev. HENRY H. CRANE *is minister of Central* Methodist Church, Detroit, Mich.

TITLES AND TEXTS — What Pulpit Readers are Preaching About

C. SUMPTER LOGAN, Memorial Presbyterian, Indianapolis, Ind. "In Which We Serve." John 13:34, 35—"A new commandment I give unto you, that ye love one another; even as I have loved you. . . . By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples."

W. M. SCHEUERMANN, First Methodist, Indianaola, Ia. "When the Outer World Cracks." 1 Kings 19:12—"After the wind an earthquake, but the Eternal was not in the earthquake . . . [then] a breath of a light whisper." (Moffatt)

GEORGE M. HOYLE, Methodist, Virden, Ill. "Freedom From Want." Psalm 23:1—"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

JOHN A. HUNTER, JR., Oakmont U. P., Pittsburgh, Pa. "No Spiritual Rationing." John 4:32—"I have meat to eat that ye know not of."

FOR YOUR SERMON AND TEXT

.....
Title of sermon

.....
Text used (write out the text)

.....
Name of minister

.....
Name of church

.....
Address

C. E. A. MCKIM, First Christian, Pine Bluff, Ark. "Paradox of the Cross." Rom. 5:20—"But where sin abounded, grace did much more abound."

MARSHALL WINGFIELD, First Congregational, Memphis, Tenn. "Cooperating With the Inevitable." John 9:4—"I must . . ."

CARL C. BRACY, Methodist, Madison, S. D. "The Man of the Hour." Matt. 7:28—"The people were astonished . . ."

WELLINGTON LEININGER, W. Park Congregational, Cleveland, O. "We Look to Christ." Matt. 11:3—". . . or do we look for another?"

CUTHBERT PRATT, St. John's Episcopal, Fall River, Mass. "An Intimate Faith." Job 42:5—"I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear but now mine eye seeth thee."

JOHN R. GOSNEY, Second Presbyterian, Danville, Ky. "Christian Diplomacy." Phil. 1:8, 9—". . . although in Christ I would feel quite free to order you to do your duty, I prefer to appeal to you on the ground of love."

W. H. HOLLOWAY, Bethany Presbyterian, Columbus, O. "Christians—Good, Better, Best." Gal. 3:13—"Brethren, I do not say that I have secured it yet. . . . But I press on toward the mark."

ROBERT P. WHITAKER, First Congregational, Ferndale, Cal. "Can We Follow Jesus in a World at War?" John 21:22—"What is that to thee? Follow thou me."

C. E. MACARTNEY, First Presbyterian, Pittsburgh, Pa. "The Last Conqueror." Rev. 19:16—"And he hath on his vesture and on his thigh a name written, King of Kings, and Lord of Lords."

The Editor's Page

The Event of the Month

I KNOW of nothing that has happened in the past month in the church world that is so important and full of promise as the appointment by the Federal Council of Churches of a commission of scholars on the church and the war. The action to create such a commission arose out of the deep sense of confusion in which the churches find themselves as they face this war. They are all under conviction of sin for the part they took in the other world war and most of them have declined with Christian courage to repeat that betrayal of the Christian faith. But there is lacking a positive and clear conviction as to the Christian interpretation of the war and of the part the church should take in relation to it. The commission is properly composed wholly of theologians (including one pastor who has a strong theological mentality!). Here is a list of them: Robert L. Calhoun of Yale, chairman, Edwin E. Aubrey of Chicago, Roland Bainton of Yale, John C. Bennett of Pacific, Conrad Bergendoff of Augustana, Harvie Branscomb of Duke, Frank Caldwell of Louisville, Angus Dun of Cambridge, Nels F. S. Ferré of Andover-Newton, Theodore M. Green of Princeton, Georgia Harkness of Garrett, Walter M. Horton of Oberlin, John Knox of Chicago, Umphrey Lee of Southern Methodist, John A. Mackay of Princeton, Benjamin E. Mays of Morehouse, John T. McNeill of Chicago, Reinhold Niebuhr of Union, H. Richard Niebuhr of Yale, Wilhelm Pauck of Chicago, Douglas Steere of Haverford, Ernest Fremont Tittle of Evanston, Henry P. Van Dusen of Union, and A. C. Zabriskie of Alexandria. I believe this commission will profoundly serve the church in its hour of great need. It is to be hoped that, without undue haste, they may reach their conclusions and make their report at an early date.

A Commission Extraordinary

The Book of the Month

ON BEING A REAL PERSON, *by Harry Emerson Fosdick. Harpers. $2.50.*

IT MAY BE superfluous to tell the readers of this page that Dr. Fosdick's latest book is one of very great value, because so many of you must already have read it—the publishers say it is in its 75th thousand and only about two months off the press. My appreciation ought to have some significance, however, because books dealing with ministerial practice of psychiatry have to get past a stiff prejudice in my case. I left the active pastorate in what Dr. Fosdick calls the "pre-psychiatric days" and am therefore somewhat old-fashioned in my notions of dealing with the personal problems which are brought to the minister. Professor Charles T. Holman's book, "The Religion of a Healthy Mind," shook my prejudice considerably, and now Dr. Fosdick comes along and does to me what Kant said Hume did to him: roused him from his dogmatic slumber! I can now imagine that if I had continued in the pastorate, I would have become aware of the need of just such a reasonable and carefully disciplined technique in helping people to be real persons as Dr. Fosdick sets forth in this book. All of us have long sat at this great preacher's feet and marvelled at his uncanny insight into the heart of modern men and women. Whence has this man this peculiar and startling knowledge of what goes on in our souls? This question we have asked again and again. Here in this book is his answer. It comes from his experienced contact with innumerable people who came to his Protestant "confessional" with their personal problems and found in him a sympathetic counsellor and a scientific spiritual physician.

A Thought for the Month

ONE of the best signs of the moment is the gathering evidence that the Christian faith is about to come into a head-on collision with the dominant philosophy of modernism. This philosophy which calls itself by various names—naturalism, liberalism, humanism, positivism, etc.—has been riding high for more than a half-century, though its forces have been gathering cumulative strength during the past three centuries. Modern civilization is largely its product. During the period of its ascendancy in Western culture, Christian thought itself has been attracted to it, not to say betrayed by it. The assumption has prevailed in Christian circles that Christianity must be thoroughly overhauled under the direction of scientific ideas of nature, human nature and history. The result is that the structural ideas of Christian faith—God, Christ, Bible, church, revelation, sin, salvation, to name no others—have been diluted to the point where the Christian faith was about to be absorbed in a secularistic moralism. The church and its intellectual leaders developed an attitude of apology, an ill-concealed squeamishness, when reference had to be made to these matters. The irony of it all was that the responsibility of keeping alive the gospel story was pretty much left to those who called themselves fundamentalists, whose presentation of the faith was couched in a wooden and sterile literalism which affronted Christian orthodoxy no less than it repelled modern liberalism. Now, however, orthodoxy is finding weapons with which it is competent to challenge the dominant philosophy on its own ground. Scientists and philosophers who have long held aloof from Christian thought with indulgent indifference have at last actually begun to read theological books! And what they find there has so aroused them that they are calling Christianity dangerous! That, I say, is a good sign! It shows that Christian faith is coming to itself after long wandering in a far country.

A Head-On Collision

Charles Clayton Morrison

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